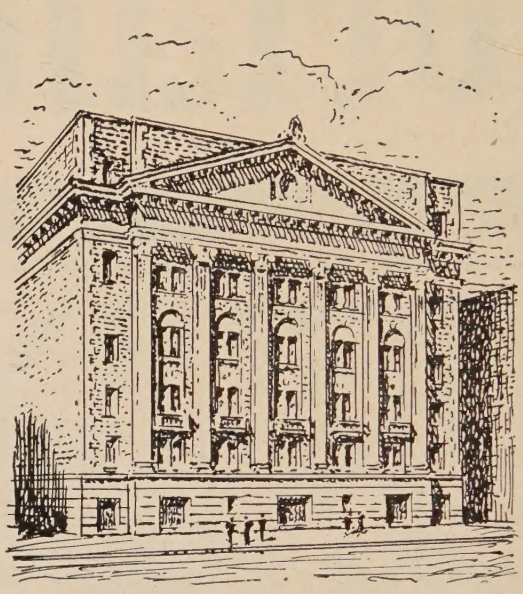
The Liberalist

Volume XXXI MAY, 1954 Number 2

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

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ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

INASMUCH as we had so many requests at the time of the Rev. Waldemar Argow's visit to The Peoples Church, for his sermon entitled "How to Talk to Yourself," I am eliminating my "Along the Way" for this issue only of The Liberalist. In the present state of confusion in the world and inside our own borders, people need every bit of personal help available. I consider Mr. Argow's sermon particularly inspiring and beneficial; therefore, I take great pleasure in including it in our church magazine at this time.

HOW TO TALK TO YOURSELF

Sermon by the Rev. Waldemar Argow, of the Peoples Church of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, delivered in The Peoples Church while Dr. Bradley was speaking in New Orleans, in February.

It is a tremendous honor and privilege to be asked to fill, or more accurately, to attempt to fill, this pulpit for the next two weeks. All my life I have had a great personal regard and affection for Preston Bradley, because our families have been very close for a great many years. And as I remarked last Wednesday night, I have had an equally great regard for the virtually unique accomplishment of Preston Bradley in the ministry of our day, for I know of no other man in the American pulpit, in this century, whose career and influence parallels his—certainly in terms of this magnificent church which you and he, together, have built through the years! And so for a great many personal reasons, many of them very close to my heart, it is a tremendous honor and pleasure and source of very deep satisfaction for me to be here today in this so very distinguished pulpit!

"Be careful what you tell yourself, because you may not know how much you listen to yourself! Are you your friend or foe?" Those lines are from a little poem by the wife of a prominent Congregational minister in Detroit.

They really aren't much more than a jingle, and yet, in their folksy fashion, they do express a profound truth about human beings which is the whole basis of our sermon this morning!

For the fact is that not very much in life is more important than the things that you and I say to ourselves when nobody else is listening. What we say to other people may or may not influence their lives, but the things that we say to ourselves very definitely do influence our own. To a degree that none of us sufficiently realizes each person makes himself! We are all, quite literally, self-made men and women, and the most important single factor in this self-creating process is the sum total of the things that we say to ourselves in the secret chamber of our own mind. We are what we believe we are; we become what we tell ourselves to be!

Now, since few principles in our personal lives are more important than this, I don't see how we could spend our time this morning to better advantage than by considering a number of the things that you and I ought to tell ourselves almost daily. This is only talk, but it's the kind of talk that makes men and moves mountains!

First of all, and more today than ever before, you and I need to say to ourselves: "I am a special, unique, extraordinary individual! So far as anybody knows; so far as any scientist can tell, I am the end purpose and the

reason for the whole incredible evolutionary experiment that has been going on here on this planet now for five hundred billion years! I am the descendant of, and am not very much distinguishable from, Buddha, Socrates, Jesus, Leonardo, Goethe, Lincoln, and every other great hearted man and woman who ever lived. I am the most important thing on the planet Earth!"

Now it is especially necessary that you and I talk to ourselves in those terms about such fundamentals as these, because we live in an age which is so savagely trying to renounce them! This is a subject about which I shall have more to say next Sunday morning. More than ever today we need to proclaim the wonder and glory of the individual man, because so many forces are proclaiming the opposite.

It is a basic conviction of Fascims that man exists to serve the State and has virtually no functions apart from that service; it is a fundamental belief of Communism that man is a plaything of economic forces which control his destiny, with he himself having practically no control over the things that happen to him; it is the primary contention of the Neo-orthodoxy, which has become exceedingly popular in certain academic, theological circles in this country, that man is a helpless, hopeless, sin-ridden creature utterly incapable of solving the problems that he faces.

I mean these are the great and dreadful ideologies that have come dangerously close to capturing the mind of modern hearts, and with every ounce of strength you and I have we need to deny and denounce it. More than anything else, it was a faith in the individual, in his meaning and glory and work, in the sanctity and importance of the individual soul, that was the primary thing that made this country great. It was a faith like Nathaniel Hawthorne's, who said: "Every individual has a place in the world and is important in some respects, whether he realizes this or not!"

I know of no better way of counteracting the man-discouraging poison of our time than by reminding ourselves, constantly, of our own stature and importance as creatures worthy to be called the Children of God! Whenever you talk to yourself, don't fail to remind yourself of that triumphant truth!

Secondly, on such an occasion I think one should say to one's self: "I am greater than I have ever realized!" I don't care what it sounds like—that statement is neither flatulent nor conceited. It is nothing more nor less than a bare statement of fact which the scientific evidence today corroborates one hundred percent! You see, in recent decades, we have made the thrilling discovery that the potential of the average person is considerably greater than we had ever realized before.

Take John Doe, the so-called "average person." Expose him to the finest possible environmental, cultural, social, personal and religious influences for a period of time, and in a few years' time John Doe will be a better person than either he or you had thought he could become! Now I'm aware that I'm talking about an ideal situation. I realize that the influences that mold men—our homes, churches, schools, our culture—that these are not yet what they should be, but the fault, you see, is with them, and not essentially with him. In other words, there is no arbitrary ceiling to the potentiality of the average person! Now I don't mean by this that each of us has the possibility of becoming a genius or a great artist or a great scientist or whatever—after all, we are limited by the IQ's that we have and by various

other factors, but I am saying, that even granting our own particular personal limitations, the evidence of the psychological laboratory indicates that every person in this auditorium, and every person listening to the sound of my voice, *could be* better and wiser or, as I have said, a greater person than he is!

Now here again is a truth that we need to remind ourselves of all of the time—every hour on the hour, if necessary, like a radio commercial—because most of us work hard. We get all tired and worn out. At the end of even an average day, frankly I don't feel very great and I need the stimulus this little reminder of my own importance can give me. All of us grow discouraged. Time and time again we are failures! Every day we fail at something! All of us make mistakes, and often they are stupid ones! All of us become disillusioned—every day we see things happening in Washington and elsewhere that tarnish the bright surface of our ideals! All of us feel the tension and the terror of our time—and sometimes *you have to wonder* if there really is any open road to the future!

I mean there are so many forces in our world today that militate against our having confidence in ourselves. And it is precisely for this reason that we need to remind ourselves, constantly, every hour on the hour, if necessary, of our own potential.

You know, there is a kind of greatness scale by which human history can be measured and judged, because there have been periods in history when men have had a strong, powerful confidence in themselves and their human possibilities. The Periclean Age in Greece was such a period; the Renaissance on the Continent and the Elizabethan Age in England were such periods.

Out of bare rock Michelangelo carved figures that looked like supermen and giants. Men *thought* in those terms in those days, and because they *thought* in those giant terms they came remarkably close to *being* giants in art and science and philosophy. Correspondingly, there have been periods of human history when men thought of themselves as weak and helpless creatures unable to do anything but suffer, endure, and pray for a merciful death! The Dark Ages were such a period. And too much of the Twentieth Century, in too many places, has been such a period!

If we are ever going to redeem this sorry age in which we live men are going to have to learn and they are going to have to be free to assert their own greatness and sacred works. Whenever you talk to yourself don't fail to say: "I am greater than I have ever realized!"

Next in these private conversations between you and yourself I think you would do well to affirm this sentiment: "I am stronger than I have ever known!" You see, each of us is rather like the mule in that story about the traveler on a country road one day who noticed a farmer plowing with only one mule. And yet the farmer kept shouting: "Get up, Ben! Get up, Ned! Get up, Sam!" The traveler was naturally intrigued by this odd practice and so he stopped and he said to the farmer: "Say, how many names does that mule have?" "Oh, just one," the farmer replied. "But, you see, he doesn't know his own strength—so I put blinders on him and yell a lot of names, and that way he thinks a couple of other mules are helping him!"

Well, like the poor, unsuspecting, imposed-upon mule in the story, most of us don't know our own strength! Most of us don't know that man, like all other organisms in the world of

nature—this is a biological law; it applies universally—we don't realize that man is endowed with extra reserves of strength and power, to be used in emergency situations.

The first part of Charles Lindbergh's new book, THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS, is a fascinating account of the adventures that pilots had thirty years ago when they flew the first Air Mail routes across America. Unpleasantly often those little one-engine planes would run out of gas before they reached their destination. But they always carried a small reserve tank, holding five or ten gallons, strapped to the bottom of one of the wings, and by cutting into than tank in the emergency situations the pilot was usually able to get on, at least far enough to reach a landing field.

Well, all of us carry little emergency tanks of reserve power and strength! Their presence has been demonstrated thousands and thousands of times in war and other disastrous situations, when perfectly ordinary human beings have performed feats of strength and endurance that they wouldn't have thought themselves remotely capable of doing!

Some years ago I was in newspaper work, at the time that the sit-down strike became popular. I was working in Detroit at the time, where the sit-down strike was invented. One night a photographer and I were assigned by the City Desk to cover such a strike at a very large bakery there in the city. When we got out to the bakery we found that considerable violence had been taking place in that immediate area, and so to get a better picture of anything that might happen the photographer and I climbed up on the roof of a nearby garage. Of course, we also got up there to get out of the fighting! But that doesn't jibe very well with something I am going to say in about two minutes about bravery, so you can forget that part of the story.

Anyhow, we got up on the roof of this garage and after a couple of minutes a Model "A" Ford appeared and drove slowly down the street in front of us. About a block away that car was tipped over, either by strikers or strike-breakers. We couldn't tell which. In the car were a young man and woman and an old lady. The young couple got out all right, but they couldn't lift the old lady through the door. So what did they do, but bend down, take hold of the running board, and by themselves, the two of them only, they righted that car! Then they got in and drove off!

Now I don't know, of course, but I would be willing to wager a goodly sum with anybody in this auditorium this morning that that young couple could not *possibly* perform that feat except under those special emergency situations! You see, what had happened was, that the emergency tanks had been tapped and an extra measure of strength had come to the rescue!

Each of us is like that farmer's mule —we don't know our own strength! Each of us is like those pioneering Air Mail pilots—we carry extra reserves for emergencies! And each of us is like that young couple in Detroit—when the emergency comes, we automatically and unconsciously cut into the reserve tanks, and we find a blessed power we never knew we had! It's a heartening thing to say to yourself occasionally: "I am stronger than I have ever realized!"

Now a close corollary of that advice involves changing only one word and saying to one's self: "I am braver than I have ever realized!" Not many people will admit this to others, but the

evidence indicates that most of us are secretly troubled from time to time with doubts about our own courage under fire. Suppose there were a fire in a theater downtown—I was in it—there was a panic—what would I do? Suppose I was in an airplane—one of the motors conked out—there was no landing field in sight—how would I react?

Well, if you have wondered about the answer to those questions and have some doubts about them, then listen to these reassuring words from Gen. R. E. Chambers, who is Chief of the Army Psychiatry and Neurology Consultant Division. He says: "Most people don't know how brave they really are! In fact, many potential heroes, both men and women, live out their lives in self-doubt! The thing to do," says the General, "is to live over those times in your own past life when you really did face up to an emergency situation, because everybody has done this at one time or another, in one way or another."

Maybe it was that afternoon when you stood before an open grave, and with quiet courage you accepted the hard, bitter-tasting fact of death! Maybe it was the time you stood up in a public meeting, possibly right here in this church, and you expressed a minority point of view, although everybody else in the group was violently opposed to the position you took.

There isn't anybody here today who hasn't acted on some occasion a good deal more bravely than he realizes! And when you go back and live over again those half-forgotten situations you begin to realize that you really did act without fear, or what is more important, that you acted *in spite of fear!* "Recalling brave moments is a sound way to restore belief in yourself," says the General.

Too many people let a single defeat or two blot out the good memories. Often, systematically reliving your brave moments will reveal more courage than you recognized at the time!

Time moves so swiftly that already 1940 seems many decades away, and yet it was only fourteen years ago that we faced what came perilously close to being the darkest spring in the history of Western civilization! Almost unopposed, the Nazi armies had overrun Western Europe; Dunkirk had happened, and it seemed as though not even a miracle itself could save England! *Never* has any nation *ever* faced a more desperate, hopeless situation! And yet, what did that "little island of shopkeepers" as somebody has called them—what did that "little island of shopkeepers" do? From wells, hidden somewhere in the British soil, and in the hearts of the British people, they dug up deep reserves of courage!

About the only humorous aspect of that grim situation in Britain in 1940 was the surprise of the people at their own conduct because, you see, just like you and me, they had had doubts about their own bravery and courage! And to find themselves night after night so stalwartly enduring that flaming terror from the skies—well this really came as quite a shock, though a very inspiriting one, need I add!

And British writers of the time often voiced a surprise at the courage their people were showing; at how quietly and unostentatiously they showed it—and how surprised they all were to find themselves an island of heroes.

God grant that no nation ever again has to endure what the British did, only fourteen years ago! But even if you and I are spared the major catastrophes, we're going to have to face the smaller ones sooner or later! And when they come, *don't* sell yourself short! Go back and relive some earlier experi-

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"HOW FAITH SOLVES PROBLEMS"

Fiftieth Anniversary Sermon

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
Sunday, April 4, 1954

I WAS asked, a few minutes before I came into the pulpit this morning, by a newspaper reporter of one of our Chicago newspapers: "Dr. Bradley, what has been the biggest problem that you've had to face during the fifty years of your preaching, and the forty-two years of your ministry in the Peoples Church of Chicago?" "Well," I said to him, "you've asked me for a pretty large order, and there are many, many, many factors that would enter into a decision or into an expression of what my biggest problems have been! I couldn't possibly tell you in a phrase; but as far as I am personally concerned, the biggest problem which I have had to face in all these years is the problem of keeping myself intellectually and spiritually resourceful, so that everytime a congregation comes into this church I will have something to offer them!" I have tried to keep an intellectual alertness as to the importance of the current and contemporary life of which I have been a part! I have tried to keep myself resourceful in studying up to the limits of my own limits—and they are many —the significance of the problems of the modern world and what can be done about it now, and what is the finest contribution that we can make as individuals to the solution of these problems. Now that is in the area of the larger social impact of one's ministry. I think the moment a minister convinces people who come to hear him that because of his own intellectual attitudes and incapacities they, as individuals, are in advance of *him,* he has lost his intellectual influence over them. Every minister who has a message for this age, in any church, must be convincing that he has given careful thought and consideration to the problems of the people who honor him by coming to hear him preach. That has been the major problem of my ministry.

That means that I must welcome every new truth from whatever quarter it comes; that means that I must study historical trends and historical tendencies in the civilization of which I am a part; that means that I must be sufficiently convincing to those who hear me that they will respect the fact that I am trying to know the truth and trying to do the best I can with the projection of that truth.

That is one of the major problems —to impregnate what one does with sufficient verity to command interest and yet, at the same time, to command the respect of the intellectually erudite! That is the problem of the modern minister! It has been my problem for more than 50 years! That is why I have never permitted myself to coast for one second on past achievements. The minute we stop thinking, stop studying, stop working, we become stagnant! There is no such thing as remaining stationary. There isn't a person in the congregation this morning who, when he or she leaves this church will be the same person they were when they came into it! We are never

the same two seconds of the watch! There is no such thing as remaining stationary with life! We are either going forward, or we are going backward; we are either growing, or we are disintegrating! There isn't any such thing as an equilibrium, a medium through which nothing happens. We are either going to grow better, or we are going to decay and disintegrate. That has been one of the things that has commanded continuing alertness on my part—to be just as far ahead in my thinking as I can possibly be, in order that I might, with increasing accuracy, outline a technique for people in which they can grow and become better! That is why I have not confined my sermons to theological dogmas, and I have not confined them to the propagation of any particular creed—for I do not accept a creed in religion! Every creed is a limitation—and I despise limitations—and no creed has ever been written yet, in the history of man, that is sufficiently inclusive to contain *all* the truth! It has not been written! This is a quest! It is a seeking experience—it cannot be captured and identified and tied up in a package and handed to someone and say: "Here it is—believe this! There is nothing more!"

I believe that religion will have an unfoldment of truth in the next 50 or 100 years that even the finest mind cannot possibly fathom today! I believe that inspiration is a continuing process—that it never happened with one book or with one life only! I believe that the continuing inspiration of eternal creativeness is in every heart and I believe that you cannot set a limit on *that* with creed or church! Therefore I have tried always, and persistently, to keep a versatility of thinking, and to ever readjust my own attitude toward the problems of life so that I may be as helpful and as creative and as stimulating as I can possibly be in this pulpit! That has been my problem!

It is true that every preacher has only one sermon, and very other sermon is but a variation of that sermon! I have only had one sermon; I have really only preached one sermon through these years—just one! And everything I have said in every broadcast, in every book I have written, in every program and every lecture, the one thing that I have said is only a variation on my one theme of life! I see no reason, even in a world such as we are in, to change one single platform of that theme! Nothing has happened to me in my own life—with its heartaches, its tears, and what I have had to face in life with its disappointments and with its frustrations—and they have been many, both for me and for my church—but nothing has happened in this world, nothing, to make me change my theme! Not even all the wars, right up to what I *do not* call the Hydrogen Bomb! It's an H-Bomb, but the "H" in it, as far as I am concerned, stands for *HELL!* It's the Hell-Bomb! And right on up, from the earliest until the Hell-Bomb of modern history, I have not been compelled to change the theme of my sermon! And I don't think I ever shall! And what is it—do you know?

I'm talking to people who have heard me for all the history of this church. We have a Charter Member, you know, in Mrs. G. U. Gairing, who is still with us! She heard the first sermon; she's hearing this one! And in all these years, you know the sermon: In the creative processes of the cosmos, in an origin which I cannot understand or fathom, came man; and he has developed intellect and emotion and creative beauty; and that, to me, was

for a purpose! When God—the best available word for the process—when God created man, he created him for a great purpose! Life is *about* something! It's not an accident nor a fantasy; nor is it a play! Life is *about* something! Your life, and mine, is *about* something! And the life of the humblest person in the most primitive, pagan, and brutal part of the world, is a part of the evolving process! That is why one of my favorite phrases is: "There are no unimportant people!" And there aren't!

Life is *about* something! It has great objective—of that I am convinced, and I have never ceased to emphasize it—the purposefulness, and the perfectibility of life. That we are all designed for high altitudes; that we never were designed for the barnyard and the alley! Life has dignity and beauty and greatness! There's a great purpose in it!

The second thing which has motivated my entire ministry, and I put something of it into every sermon, is that there is within the human spirit the potentiality to bring into being and into action man's highest dreams! It is in the heart of man to do this. And all down through the years of human history those who have dreamed of the Utopia—and some of the great literature of the ages has been a literature of Utopia—all the way from the dreams of Plato, with his Republic, to the lonely Man upon the Cross, with His Kingdom of God, man has dreamed of creating a decent world! And I happen to believe that the *dream,* the dream of the possibility of that better world, is the surest evidence that man has a possibility of creating that better world; that the dream is not a nightmare; that some infinite cosmic jester somewhere doesn't hang over the vision of man, the allurements of peace and brotherhood and goodness and truth and beauty, and when man looks up to the dangling remnants of his hopes and dreams that a voice says to him: "Little man, you're trapped and you're caught! History repeats itself! You have always fought and you always will! So you have your little dreams of peace and love and brotherhood in the world; but, little man, you're moving in a circle, and you'll never make one of your dreams come true! You will build your universities and your colleges, your schools and your educational institutions, your powerful nations—you will seek to defend yourselves by being able to kill someone before they can kill you! Little man, you will go on in the superb tragedy of your own ineffectiveness and incapacity—trapped for the ages!" I don't believe a word of that! And I have never put a sentence of it into a sermon I've ever preached!

To me the mere fact that man has *dreamed* of the Kingdom of God and that the most incomparable flower that ever bloomed in the Garden of Civilization, the lowly peasant of Galilee, even put it in a prayer: "Thy Kingdom come; They Will be done, upon earth, as it is in Heaven!" is proof that he can accomplish the dream. It was the prayer from the Divine Heart of this fragile soul, whom the brutal world of his day thought when He breathed His last and the blood trickled from His brow and spurted from His side that they had killed Him through the mechanics of materialism. They felt as the world has always felt, the virtue of their destruction. No one has ever convinced me that that dream was only a nightmare, and that it could never come true! I do not believe it! I've never preached a line of it, and I never will!

This is a very significant moment for

me, knowing, as I do, the uncertinty of life and every 24 hours of it, not knowing what tomorrow may bring forth or tomorrow or tomorrow. Here against this background I have stood! Here I have preached! I have seen myriads come and go with their panaceas, their theories, their philosophies, and vanish into the air; but I have tried to deal with the fundamentals—the *true* fundamentals—of religion, the human spirit and of God. And the most satisfying compensation of all my ministry has been my loving ministrations to the ill, both in body and in soul and in mind! To those who have been stricken with earth's greatest agony—the loss of loved ones; to the aged, with their disillusionments; to the youth, with their shrug of a shoulder—to come into those lives with an upward impulse is life's greatest compensation! To stand beside the sick and to speak the creative words; to have the hungry, tortured soul, agonizing with remorse, look into your face and say: "I'm in charge now! I'll be all right!" Oh, my friends of my church, and my friends of the radio audience, hold on to the great fundamentals of life! Life was made for *victory—never* for defeat!

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

SPRING and summer both seem to be in the air today as I look out the open Study windows: the park is lively with women wheeling baby carriages, boys with bicycles, little girls in red coats making bright spots against the green, for the grass is very green in some of the better-cared-for spots. The trees are still mostly brown looking, but the buds are getting quite swollen and full, giving a fuzzy look to branches that but a short time ago were very bare and plain. I feel a little tension as I look at the heaped up piles of papers, and more papers, books and more books, unanswered mail, *Liberalist* copy in process of being written, with five more *Liberalists* to be done before the middle of June—only two months away—Dr. Bradley's summer church broadcasts still to be put in readiness, and then he, poor man, having them all to cut ready for summer broadcasting; and his two daily broadcasts must go on in the meantime. Well, we are told that life consists of problems to be solved. And who tells us that? Dr. Bradley himself

On a recent Sunday I had a delightful afternoon, spent in the home of a very gentle soul—a doctor of philosophy—Dr. Hermann Hille, of Deerfield, Illinois. I had received the invitation to this lovely home through Mr. Brent Dow Allinson, who is to conduct the European tour which I, with a group of people, am planning to take this summer. I took with me some of the colored slides made from pictures I took last summer in Switzerland, and showed these to Dr. and Mrs. Hille and some of their friends.

During the course of the evening we were interested listeners as Dr. Hille talked at some length of his philosophy

of life. I was impressed with this remark which he made: "All the problems that come to us are lessons that we need to learn." Then I thought of Dr. Bradley's philosophy in connection with problems: that what we make out of life depends on how we meet our problems; whether we run from them, fight with them, with a "why did this have to happen to me" attitude; or whether we face up to them. Also that our lives are a series of decisions—our lives being the result of decisions we have made. Suddenly it was as though I was fitting the pieces of a puzzle together. Is a problem which confronts me the result of decisions I have made? If so may it not be that I have brought the problem on myself by the very decisions I made. Then well may it be that I should learn the lesson contained in this problem.

Suddenly I felt that I should be very enthusiastic in "tackling" each problem that came up. For it might smooth the path ahead by eliminating many a problem I might otherwise bring upon myself. Perhaps I should be more deliberate in settling the problems of life; treat them with all the respect and dignity they deserve. They are working out my destiny.

Life, to me, is becoming more and more interesting, the older I grow; or, as Dr. Bradley puts it, the more I mature. Maturity is fun; the ripening of the fruit. And, if we put spirit above flesh, there need be no decay of the real self—only a continuing ripening.

You, whoever you may be, reading these lines, are a very lucky person. Oh, yes you are! You are alive! You are a living, conscious human being. And this life is filled with a thousand and one things in which you may become interested.

And there's another reason why you are lucky, which I shall try to show you by a few experiences from my life.

I could look on the black side—the wrong side of the paper—and think of all the things, big and little, about which I might complain. But there really is no black side, in retrospect, if one has enthusiasm for life.

When in my early twenties, I fell terribly in love. I say terribly, because a first love may be just that—terrible. It may take hold of one so hard. I fell in love with a tall, brown-eyed, prematurely gray-haired lawyer, and a few years later a bomb exploded and my life blew up.

It took eight long years to get that lawyer out of my system, but was it worth all the misery of those years? Indeed, yes, for I got him out of my system so thoroughly. There's a heap of satisfaction in a good job, well done.

I became interested in Christian Science. Read and studied Science and Health With Key to the Scriptures religiously; became librarian of a C.S. society; became a member of the Board of the Church; became clerk of the Board; became First Reader of the society which while I was reader became a fully organized church.

Now I am interested in Liberal Religion and I love it. I work for the minister of a great Liberal Church and I love my work, and the work with The Liberalist.

I took up golf at one time; even possess a silver cup I won in a driving contest. I didn't particularly deserve it; only a few people competed. Later, a woman who hadn't known of the contest, looking at me with an expression which plainly said "You little shrimp" (I'm about 5 foot 3) and then volubly added "I wish *I'd* known about that driving contest," as much as to say "and you wouldn't have had a chance in the world." But anyway, I still have the cup.

Five years ago I became interested

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The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

WHAT do you mean when you say of a person, "He's a highbrow." We all know the common acceptance of the term. The word originated from the old idea that people with high foreheads were always more intellectual than people with low foreheads. Gradually the terms "highbrow" and "lowbrow" went into our language as living, vital expressions of something quite different than their original meanings, but I have in mind something quite different from these later meanings.

Sometimes the kind of person who has no social status whatever; who was not fortunate in his or her ancestors, and who has faced life with a handicap from the very beginning and has worried and suffered along through life —no one ever hears of them; no one is concerned much about them; they have their own little area of life in which they live—that kind of person, by obeying the fundamental principles of development and growth, might, in this limited area, become the finest example of the true "highbrow" that you would ever find anywhere in the world. That is what true culture is.

If we want to go from the lower levels of life on to the higher plateaus of life, so that we can have that reflected in the projection of our own personality, so that people are glad to see us around and are always happy when we meet them; if we want to be an attractive personality, there are two tests we must meet; two tests to make us truly highbrow. First, "Can I tolerate myself?" Dare I sit down alone and turn the light upon my own inner heart. Be sure that you are on good terms with you. That will turn any "lowbrow" into a "highbrow."

Next let me see how you treat those who are less fortunate than you are—then I will tell you the true quality of your culture.

The one thing that determines the beautiful, enduring, continuing, vital personality of the Master Teacher in the world is His attitude toward the sinner. That was the secret of his beauty and his greatness. He dined with them and they did not hurt him. One wanted to touch the hem of his garment, for then she knew she would be whole. The attitude of Christ toward the outcast and the lonely, that showed the culture of Christ.

Are you a highbrow or a lowbrow?

(*Continued from page* 12)

(through an opportunity presented by Dr. Bradley in the Peoples Church) in Dale Carnegie Classes. I graduated from the basic course and joined Dale Carnegie Club International (an organization which in five years has acquired over 13,000 members and is growing every day),—a world-wide organization. I became my Chapter Secretary, then District Secretary, then Division Secretary. Finally, being a secretary, in addition to my regular daily occupation as well, became a bit monotonous, so I publicly voiced the expression: "If anyone else asks me to be a secretary of anything, I shall 'shoot him' on sight!" But I'll never cease being interested in D.C.C.I. nor in the Peoples Church. They are my two most progressive interests.

A couple of years ago I entered the Prepared Speech Contest in D.C.C.I. Won in my chapter, but lost in the District Contest. We have just had this year's annual contest. I won the Impromptu Contest in my Chapter and have now won the Gold Cup for Impromptu Champion of the District. You see I didn't let the first loss "down me."

Am I boasting in all I have just said? Not in the least. What I'm trying to say to you is, my dear reader, that you are lucky (whether you think so or not), not only because you are alive, but because enthusiasm is something which can be developed.

Whatever I have done has been done because of enthusiasm for the thing I was doing at the time I was doing it. And being enthusiastic in whatever I do makes me enjoy and love life.

I can hear someone shouting at me, "But, Ethel Smalley, I am not lucky, because I am doing work that bores me; work I do not like!" You are still lucky. Suppose you are a stenographer and you are just getting out form letters. There is nothing more deadly or monotonous than form letters. But, if you get enthusiastic about making them as beautiful as you can—margins as near even as possible, every letter as black as every other letter—just make a hobby of those form letters, to see how beautiful you can make them look, something will happen. While you are making a hobby of the thing that bores you, keep an eye out for something better, and with this enthusiastic attitude toward all you do, you will find that something else you like better. You will then be in a mood to recognize it when it comes marching by. Just try it, and life will begin to be worth while!

* * *

The first letter from our Mail Bag refers to the review in our February Liberalist of Mr. Carleton W. Washburne's recent book *The World's Good* and is greatly appreciated:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Will you please tell whoever wrote "Book Chats" in your February number of *The Liberalist* that I appreciate his or her review of my *The World's Good* deeply. It is the sort of real understanding that an author rarely gets from a reviewer. I couldn't ask anything better.

One of your members, Barbara Beatty, of Winnetka, sent it to me.

My hearty thanks—all my warm good wishes to you and your fine work.

Carleton Washburne.

* * *

Gertrude Williams, (Mrs. A.J.W.) writes from Round Lake:

Dear Dr Bradley:

It seemed so hard to adjust myself to the loss of my husband, Arthur Williams, in November. I just don't know how to express my appreciation for your presence and kind words at his

funeral service. It meant so much to me and my family.

Just last week an old Chicago newspaper, I think 'twas the Tribune, came to view in our home and as we were comparing prices of merchandise in the advertisement sheets, of the year 1936 to those of 1954, my son William spied, way up in the corner of the page, this little article about the Peoples Church that I am enclosing. I'm thinking you might get a thrill, as we did, out of seeing it again.

I enclose a check toward your radio broadcast expense or for whatever is most urgent.

I never miss listening to your Sunday broadcast when at home. Also hear your welcome voice over WGN at 9:45 every morning—would that it were longer than five minutes. Also, on TV, with son William's wife Alice in their home across the road, and we find your talks very helpful. May God bless you and keep you for many more years among us. I marvel at your endurance! and with the Irishman, I say: "More power to ye!"

Sincerely,
Gertrude Williams.

* * *

The Executive Director of the Commission on Human Relations of the City of Chicago, wrote regarding Dr. Bradley's recent anniversary celebration:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

To the congratulations of a true host of friends and admirers, let me add my own on the occasion of your Fiftieth Anniversary of your first sermon. You have had a long and powerful career, and I am sure that God must love you in a special way for the wonderful influence for good you have been.

All the staff of the Commission on Human Relations, and I am sure the other Commissioners as well, join me in not only congratulations at this time but also in thanking you warmly for your continued and excellent endeavors in improving relations between various groups here in Chicago.

With the best of all good wishes to you, and prayers for your continued ministry, I am

Cordially yours,
Francis W. McPeek.

* * *

It is very heart-warming to receive the roses of life while one is able to enjoy them, so we want to share this little bouquet with our readers—a bouquet which came in a letter recently reecived from Whitefish Bay, Wisconsin:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I trust you will remember me after these many months away from the typewriter. But, believe me, I think of you so often and of the tremendous influence you placed upon my life. In case you have forgotten, it was on my twenty-first birthday, April 4, 1932, that I first met you at Beloit, Wisconsin. After eighteen months of unemployment and no plans for the future, that one meeting really turned me around and started me in the right direction.

Since then, to review just a bit, I entered college in the fall of 1932 on $100 and a lot of grit and nerve. Graduated in June, 1936. Taught and coached at Eagle River, Wis., for six years . . . went into the Army in summer, 1942, discharged in Fall of 1943. Taught two more years in the north, in the summer working in private clubs and resorts. Moved to Milwaukee and into the Veterans Administration, summer 1945. Entered Marquette University, Graduate School, fall 1945. Left V.A. in March, 1948, started teaching at Milwaukee School of Engi-

neering April 1, 1948. Graduated from Marquette Jan., 1950. Was married Oct., 1946. Now have three daughters, ages 2-4-6, names Bonnie Jane, Sally Ann and Nancy Lee. Completing my sixth year at the Milwaukee School of Engineering March 31, 1954. Have moved up from an English teacher to Chairman of the Industrial Commerce Department and Director of Student Affairs. Teach such subjects as Economics, Salesmanship, Marketing, Business Law, Industrial Organization, Industrial Psychology, Supervision, and so on. . . . Developed an Evening Program, teach three evenings a week, with classes made up of foremen and supervisors from industry. As a spare-time filler, we bought an old homestead in this lovely little suburban village of Whitefish Bay and we spend our spare-time and meager savings making it over. That's it, up to tonight.

Not too much accomplished when one can put it in one paragraph after twenty-two years—but that isn't too bad. Have enjoyed every minute of those past twenty-two years. Every time I get a little discouraged, I reflect back over what the situation might have been had I not written to you back in 1932. Added to my other pieces of good fortune I married a wonderful girl who has made our home extremely happy. In my work in the V.A. and in teaching and counseling I have tried to pass as much of that good fortune and happiness on to others as I possibly could.

Recently we watched the Sunday services on TV of the Grand Avenue Methodist Church. We heard Rev. Reisner mention his Lenten Services on Friday evenings. We plan to attend several of them and especially the evening when you are with him and his congregation. We hope to be able to see you at least long enough to say hello. Thank you again and again for the wonderful guidance and counsel you have given me through the years. God bless you and may you be able to continue your tremendous work for many more years to come

Until we see you, best regards,

George and Marcella Richards.

Enclosed in the letter was the picture of three lovely little girls.

* * *

On the Silver Anniversary letterhead of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, Inc., came this letter:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

One of the best ways to convince people about the great need to improve intergroup relations is for community leaders like you to speak before organized groups. We appreciate the effort and time you gave when you talked to the Englewood Citizens Progressive Association on February 12th.

The recent 1954 Chicago Brotherhood Week observance was the greatest in contacts and programming ever held —more than 300 programs were planned for over 50,000 people. Your contribution will help us greatly in our year round human relations programming. Please tell us if ever we may provide NCCJ services for you.

Sincerely yours,

Betty Baird, Program Associate.

* * *

Here is an interesting letter from Mr. Maurice English, the Editor and Publisher of the new magazine, *Chicago:*

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I am very sorry to have been so remiss in thanking you for your wonderful letter and your very generous and helpful words about the magazine on your program. I am sure you understand the reasons for the delay; I have been snowed under.

Your letter was the first one that I

received from any reader of CHICAGO. It made me feel very good indeed, and you will be glad to know that it was followed by many others. I am not sure if you are aware that CHICAGO has apparently had the most successful reception of any magazine on local news-stands. We are getting subscription orders at unprecedented rates. I believe that your kind words to your audience the day the magazine appeared had much to do with the results.

I hope you will continue to be pleased with future issues of the magazine, and that we will always be able to count you as a friend.

Sincerely,
Maurice English.

* * *

Dr. Bradley felt, as did many of our members, that this year's Lenten Manual was the finest we have ever had, and wrote to Dr. Frederick M. Eliot, at Boston, expressing his appreciation. Dr. Eliot forwarded the note to Mr. Arthur Foote, the author of the Manual, who wrote as follows:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Fred Eliot has forwarded your kind note about the Lenten Manual to me, and I want to acknowledge it with deep appreciation. It means a lot that a person as fully engaged as you are should take time to write.

With all good wishes, I am
Sincerely,
Arthur Foote.

* * *

And for our last letter:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

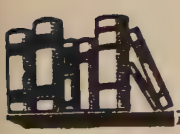
I should like to tell you how very much I enjoyed meeting you at the Music Educators Club Luncheon last Saturday. It was a great pleasure to be with you and to participate in this tribute to music education.

Sincerely yours,
Benjamin C. Willis,
General Superintendent of Schools.

* * *

I am finishing the Mail Bag a day later than when I started it, and today, warm and sultry weather has brought out feathery green leaves at the top of one tree opposite the Study windows, and the lilac bushes down below are greening at a rapid pace.

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM



BOOK CHATS

ON March 8, 1954, Association Press published *The Golden Book of Immortality,* edited by Thomas Curtis Clark and Hazel Davis Clark, who were also editors of *Christ in Poetry.* This book is called a "Spiritual Adventure with more than 200 philosophers, scientists, writers, religious leaders and poets who testify to the reality of Life Eternal."

This is the second book on which Hazel Davis Clark collaborated with her husband. Mrs. Clark is both a musician and an artist, and shared her husband's literary interests throughout his life with her. The book is a fitting

memorial tribute to the richly creative and Christian life on earth of Thomas Curtis Clark, who passed on December 9, 1953, while the manuscript was being prepared for the printer.

Our regular subscribers to *The Liberalist* will be familiar with the story of Mr. Clark's life, as it was given in "Along the Way" of the January issue this year.

He was the author, editor or co-editor of 26 other books—original verse or prose and poetry collections. For more than a quarter of a century he was poetry editor of Christian Century and had a pronounced influence on religious verse today. Because of his magazine editorship, his anthologies and his own writings he was called "the poet laureate of American Protestantism."

Born in Vincennes, Indiana, he lived in that state and Illinois most of his life. His father had been a minister for 45 years. His mother, the oldest alumna of Indiana University, died in 1951 at the age of 98.

Mr. Clark was a member of Willett, Clark & Company, book publishers, of Chicago, during 20 of the 35 years' association with Christian Century.

The Golden Book of Immortality is a religious book club selection. In it 200 realistic thinkers, scientists, writers, philosophers, religious leaders and poets testify for you that there is no death. They confirm for themselves and for all of us that "there is more to life than appears in the earthly scene, that its height and depth are greater and its reaches wider than can be stated in terms of the visible and tangible." The editors have gathered, sifted and organized into a deeply moving book more than 300 forthright, incisive, challenging and solidly certain affirmations that repeat the promises of Christ.

This book, which is more than a book of comfort, is divided into sections: Intimations of Immortality (From Nature, Life and Literature); Personality is Deathless; Fear Death? There is No Death!; Dawn!; Greet the Unseen With a Cheer!; Eternity—Here and Now; Faith That Looks Through Death; Easter Horizons; Heaven—The "Other Room;" We Believe in Immortality; Testimony of the Poets.

I turn to page 131 and find a heading

"Immortality Widens Horizons"

"A man without a belief in the future is like a man who does not breathe more than an inch in his lungs; he is short of breath, as it were, like a man with the consumption: but the moment he believes in endless existence he is like a man who breathes fully and freely. A man who has no belief in immortality is like a man in a prison; but a man who believes that ere long the stroke of death which shatters him will shatter the material elements by which he is confined in this life, and make his horizon boundless—how large a manhood there is in him! What a refuge to him is the thought of the everasting!" Phillips Brooks.

On page 70, under a heading "The Search," is the following:

"We have all eternity to learn God in; it would be a poor prospect if we could get very far in our lesson here. We must expect to be puzzled and baffled again and again; only do not let us get impatient, and weary of the search, or feel tempted to think that he is nowhere because we cannot yet reach to the height of his vision." Annie Keary.

On page 51, under the heading "Life's Candle Does Not Go Out," Harry Emerson Fosdick is quoted:

"Sir Arthur Keith was one of the great British scientists. Professor Arthur Compton is one of the great American scientists. The first was an utter disbeliever; the second is a thorough believer. According to Sir Arthur Keith, when a man dies he goes out like a candle: to which Professor Compton replies that the candle does not go out; its energy goes on and on to the farthest reaches of the universe. Be sure of this: If God *is,* one way or another our candle does not go out. Its mode of going on may be utterly different from anything we have pictured it to be. Indeed, I am sure that must be so, but one way or another, as Emerson said,

" . . . What is excellent
As God lives, is permanent,"

and in manners and fashions beyond our power to imagine, the candle does not go out."

In the section "The Testimony of the Poets,"

From *Threnody*

Wilt thou not ope thy heart to know
What rainbows teach, and sunsets show?
Verdict which accumulates
From lengthening scroll of human fates,
Voice of earth to earth returned,
Prayers of saints that inly burned—
Saying, *What is excellent*
As God lives is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;
Hearts' love will meet thee again.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

I cannot close this brief review without quoting a poem by Thomas Curtis Clark himself, and also one by Edwin Markham.

Mr. Clark's is titled "Song at Sunrise:"

Say not that death is king, that night is lord,
That loveliness is passing, beauty dies;
Nor tell me hope's a vain, deceptive dream
Fate lends to life, a pleasing, luring gleam
To light awhile the earth's despondent skies,
Till death brings swift and sure its dread reward.
Say not that youth deceives, but age is true,
That roses quickly pass, while cypress bides,
That happiness is foolish, grief is wise,
That stubborn dust shall choke our human cries.
Death tells new worlds, and life immortal hides
Beyond the veil, which shall all wrongs undo.
This was the tale God breathed to me at dawn
When flooding sunrise told that night was gone.

(*Continued from page* 7)

ence when, perhaps, to your great surprise, you acted more courageously than you ever thought you could! Because whether you know it or not, you are braver than you think, and this is why you may say to yourself, and without any false modesty or embarrassment: "I am braver than I have ever realized!"

Finally this morning I think we all need to remind ourselves as often as is necessary: "I am kinder, more outgoing and more loving than I have ever believed!" Look at the world today and you will not see any superabundance of kindness and love. As a matter of fact, the international scene this morning is remarkable for the very absence of those qualities.

What do I mean then by making such an apparently unrealistic statement? There is a noticeable absence of kindness and love, and similar virtues, in our world! Not because these qualities are missing in people, but because that inner goodness and affection can't always break through! You remember what it was like earlier this morning, not two hours ago? The sun trying to break through low hanging clouds and fog near the ground, but not being able to do it. The sun was there all right—it just couldn't quite break through.

Within many of us human beings are low hanging clouds. Their names are hate, anger, enmity, jealousy, fear! And sometimes they do prevent the sunlight of our better nature from

shining through! But is that any evidence that the sunlight doesn't exist? You see, mankind is a battleground between the forces of love and hate. This is a warfare each of us *must* wage. Hate is man's deadliest enemy. Whatever separates us from our fellows is our greatest foe. Therefore it follows that nothing we can possibly do in life is more important than the effort we make to overcome the anger and hate and jealousy and fear that prevents us from making contact with our fellows!

Gordon Allport, the Harvard psychologist, says this. He says the truest statement that can be made of any normal person is that he never feels that he can love or be loved enough! He always wants more love in his life! You see, we have this intense craving for love; we have the capacity for love! What we have to do now is to break down the barriers that prevent us from loving and from being loved!

Preston Bradley, tonight, in New York City, will open Brotherhood Week for that metropolis. In some of our churches and schools; in some of our homes, we *are* making an effort to break down the barriers; we are waging a good fight against prejudice, intolerance, rumors and all of the other crazy little notions that separate people from other people! And in our own private lives we have to wage that same battle! As long as the clouds of prejudice and hate obscure the sun there will not be very much love in your life! Remove the barrier—and you will be dazzled by the bright white knowledge that you are a kinder, a more outgoing, a more loving person than you have ever realized before!

Oh, how very much, in this mortal life of ours, how much depends upon the things that we say to ourselves in the chamber of our own mind when the mask is off and all pretense is stripped away and we talk to the person who knows us best—ourself! Now, if ever, is the time to remind ourselves of certain fundamentals, some of the more important of which are these: Say to yourself: "I am a special, unique, extraordinary individual! In a day when so many forces deny it, I *affirm* my democratic faith in the magnificence and the glory of the individual man, in the greatness of myself, as a Child of God!" Say to yourself: "I declare that I am greater than I have ever realized; that *there are* within me possibilities that could make of me the superman whose realization may very well be the end purpose of the evolutionary experiment! I *affirm* that I am stronger than I have ever known; that there are hidden reserves of strength within me which will make me a giant when the sudden, fearsome crisis comes! I *proclaim* that I am braver than I have ever known; that my doubts about myself may be natural, but unfounded, and that a hero sleeps within me! I *confess* that I am a kinder, a more outgoing, a more loving person than I had ever dared believe!

Within me is a sunlight that could illumine my whole life, as it could make bright our entire world! Its name is LOVE—and I am filled with that light, if only I will let it shine through!" Talk to yourself in this fashion and I think your life may very well be transformed! For when the citadel of a man's inner being is strong and neither princes nor principalities nor powers can prevail against him, then the man will triumph, as *only* the great, the strong, the brave and the loving triumph in this world! Almighty God, whenever we talk to ourselves help us to say this: "That as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he!" Help us to remember that we are not what we think we are—we are what we think!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

MARCH

1—Radio Address, WGN (El. Tr.)
WGN-TV-9.
Funeral.
2—Radio Address, WGN (El. Tr.)
WGN-TV-9.
Address, Hamilton Park Woman's Club, Hamilton Park Field House.
3—Radio Address, WGN (El. Tr.)
WGN-TV-9.
Book Lecture, Peoples Church.
4—Radio Address, WGN (El. Tr.)
WGN-TV-9.
Address, Woman's Ideal Club, Blackstone Hotel.
Address, Fourth Annual Meeting Chicago Council Against Discrimination.
5—Radio Address, WGN (El. Tr.)
WGN-TV-9.
Cut 5 records, WGN.
Address, Westminster Presbyterian Church.
6—Funeral.
Wedding.
7—Two Services, Peoples Church.
Wedding.
8—Radio Address. WGN (El. Tr.)
WGN-TV-9.
9—Radio Address, WGN (El. Tr.)
WGN-TV-9.
10—Lenten Address, Merchandise Mart Chapel.
Radio Address, WGN (El. Tr.)
WGN-TV-9.
Funeral.
Book Lecture, Peoples Church.
Address, 32nd Anniversary, Sinai Forum, Sinai Temple.
11—Radio Address, WGN (El. Tr.)
WGN-TV-9.
Address, Uptown Lions Club, Edgewater Beach Hotel, Ladies' Day
12—Radio Address, WGN.
WGN-TV-9.
Cut 5 records for WGN.
Address, 32nd Annual Banquet, National Convention I.W.L.A., LaSalle Hotel.
13—Meeting, Friends of Literature, Art Institute.
Wedding.
Sick Call
14—Two Services, Peoples Church.
Uptown Players Drama Tea, presenting Edith Mason.
Introduced Paul Dallwig at evening service.
15—Radio Address, WGN (El. Tr.)
WGN-TV-9.
Address, Annual Meeting, Ill. Masonic Hosp. Assoc.
16—Radio Address, WGN (El. Tr.)
WGN-TV-9.
Meeting, Chicago Commission on Human Relations.
17—Radio Address, WGN (El. Tr.)
WGN-TV-9.
Funeral.
Book Lecture.
18—Radio Address, WGN (El. Tr.)
WGN-TV-9.
Address, Food Products Club, Hotel Sherman. (32nd consecutive appearance before this club.)
19—Radio Address, WGN (El. Tr.)
WGN-TV-9.
Cut 5 records, WGN.
Funeral.
Address, Men's Club, Irving Pk. Emanuel Congregational Church.
20—Wedding.
21—Two Services, Peoples Church.
22—Radio Address, WGN (El. Tr.)
WGN-TV-9.
Meeting, Chicago Public Library Board.
Meeting, Uptown Conservation Council, Sheridan Plaza Hotel.
23—Radio Address. WGN (El. Tr.)
WGN-TV-9.
Conference re Book.
Dixon Phidian Art Club, Address, Loveland Community Auditorium, Dixon. Ill.
24—Radio Address, WGN (El. Tr.)
WGN-TV-9.
Funeral.
Book Lecture, Peoples Church.
25—Radio Address, WGN (El. Tr.)
WGN-TV-9.
26—Radio Address, WGN (El. Tr.)
WGN-TV-9.
Cut 5 records, WGN.
Address, First Methodist Church, Milwaukee, Wis. (7th Consecutive appearance in the Lenten Series.)
27—Address, Music Educators Luncheon, Blackstone Hotel.
28—Two Services, Peoples Church.
29—Radio Address, WGN (El. Tr.)
WGN-TV-9
Judge, Oratorical Regional Contest, Waller High School.
30—Radio Address, WGN (El. Tr.)
WGN-TV-9.
31—Radio Address. WGN (El. Tr.)
WGN-TV-9.
Book Lecture, Peoples Church.

WEDDINGS

6—Margaret Peterson and Oscar Kangas
7—Joy Jacobson and Salvatore Terran
13—Claude J. Newman and Irma L. Flink
14—June Rowley and James Pyle
20—Hope Wheeler and Richard M. Grossman

CHRISTENINGS

21—Ethel Abrams Aastad (Adult)

FUNERALS

1—Mrs. Kristine Overell
6—Mrs. Edward Weber
10—Harold Niver
17—Mrs. Myrtle Linden
19—Mrs. Lucy Lee Livingston
24—Mrs. George J. Nikolas

The Following New Members Were Publicly Welcomed Into the Peoples Church Easter Sunday, April 18, 1954

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Aastad
Mrs. Mae B. Alshuler, Waukegan, Ill.
Miss Anna Mae Aznoe
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Behrendt
Miss Garnet Blackburn
Mr. John Bramwell
Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Brandt
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brehm, Wilmette, Ill.
Mr. Roger Chirpe
Mr. Billie Crosswhite
Mr. and Mrs. Peter V. Darling
Mr. and Mrs. Harold Fiellin
Mr. Tom Foerster
Mr. Frank Gierut
Mrs. Dorothy L. Glanton
Mr. Stanley Glass
Miss Florence Harrison
Mrs. Lawrence Hirsch
Mrs. Bernice Kleinofen
Mrs. Arthur A. Lehnert
Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Lovell
Miss Edith Magee, Evanston, Ill.
Mrs. Wm. F. Miller
Mr. Robert Neubauer
Miss Sandra Neubauer
Mrs. Peggy Noble
Mr. Charles Overell
Mr. Dan Peters
Mrs. Stanley A. Phillips, Evanston, Ill.
Mr. Fred Raskin
Miss Gerianne Salone
Mrs. E. J. Smith, Wayland, Mich.
Miss Sandra Smith
Miss Virginia Sparks
Mrs. John Stewart
Miss Karin Swanson
Mr. James Terry, Evanston, Ill.
Miss Virginia L. Tolk
Mr. Arthur Turner
Mrs. Frances G. Twitchell
Mr. Edwin D. Whittemore

The Following Christenings Took Place in the Peoples Church on Easter Sunday, April 18, 1954

Paul Edward Busija, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Busija
William Martin Fay, son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard William Fay
Laura Alice Gregg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Noel Dudley Gregg
Beverly Jean Gardner Gunn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Gunn
Kurt Michael Hunciker, son of Mr. and Mrs. Karl Hunciker
Karin Ann Hildmann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Hildmann
Edward Alan Hirsch, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Hirsch
Claudia Jean Lovelette, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Lovelette
Gordon Edward Lovelette, son of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Lovelette
Richard Scott Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Smith
Richard Alan Wahlquist, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Wahlquist
Mitchell Keith Westra, son of Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Westra
Lynn Edythe Williams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Williams
Mrs. Vera Monteen, Adult christening

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mrs. Carl Swanson, Superintendent

Ronald Walrath, Director, Religious Education ..... 9:30 a.m.

Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast WJJD ..... 11:00 to 12:00 noon

Sunday Evening Service (From November to Easter) ..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures (November to Easter) ..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—

Monday, May 3, Closing Spring Luncheon, Glass Hat Room, Congress Hotel. Dr. Bradley, Guest Speaker; Guest Artists, Lois John and Roy Kane, Vocal Duo. $3.50. Reservations, Church Office, LOngbeach 1-6878 ..... 12:30 p.m.

Men's Club—Tuesday, May 25th. Program to be announced ..... 8:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club. Spring Dinner to be announced

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam*

Channing Club, 1st and 3rd Friday ..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals, Every Thursday in the Church Auditorium—New Members Welcomed ..... 8:00 p.m.

Usher's Club—Secretary, Paul H. Raabe, UPtown 8-8620

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

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